

THE HOME JOURNAL.

VOLUME XX.

WINCHESTER, TENNESSEE, NOVEMBER 9, 1881.

NUMBER 35.

NEWS GLEANINGS.

Louisiana has good rice crops.
Large chestnut crop in Tennessee.
Rome, Ga., will have street cars in a short time.
The Texas Pacific railroad is within 50 miles of El Paso.
Albany Georgia has a new six-hundred dollar alarm bell.
The corn crop in Georgia will be an average one.
An Atlanta hotel includes ten electric lights among its attractions.
Gen. Gordon will soon start a cotton factory at Carrollton, Miss.
In Florida \$1,000 worth of arrowroot is raised on an acre of land.
New Orleans has a butterine factory that turns out 12,000 pounds per day.
The colored baptist of Lynchburg, have completed a \$22,000 church.
Dr. John Phister, Grand Master, is at the Galt house.
The Appeal says the grand jury will indict the "Bucket Shop."
The Nashville grand jury has indicted about twenty-five or thirty pool players.
Alex. Bell, of Pike county, Ga., is 14 years old and weighs 355 pounds.
W. H. Holt, of Mt. Sterling, has arrived, and is domiciled at the Louisville.
It is estimated that gold, silver and copper mines of the south will yield \$20,000,000 this year.
Mr. E. Young, of Pennsylvania, has paid \$10,000 for a prospective gold mine in Goodland county, Va.
An artesian well in Durham, N. C. has reached a depth of 1,600 feet without any indications of water.
John Stewart, the oldest man in Alabama, is dead in Shelby county, aged 92 years.
Col. W. C. Richardson, of Mississippi, has raised 12,500 bales of cotton this year.
Translucent porcelain was first manufactured in the United States at New Haven last spring.
It is a crime in Georgia to point a gun at a pistol at another in anger or malice, whether the weapon is loaded or not.
The seventy-five members of the new emigrant club, at Nashville, are worth the aggregate, \$4,000,000.
A Chancery case eleven years old has been decided at Troy, Alabama. The plaintiff got judgement for \$150.
The American rifle team is arranging for a shooting tournament sometime during the exposition at Atlanta.
McPhee son Barracks, at Atlanta, will be broken up. The troops will go to New York harbor to take the place of 2nd regiment.
Eureka Springs, Ark., has 15,000 inhabitants, and is beginning to ape city manners. The latest affliction is plastered rooms and brick chimneys.
Forty thousand dollars for building and twenty thousand dollars for a site, will be expended for an opera house at Dallas, Tex.
The old city park of Charleston, S. C. has been re-christened Washington Square. A statue of the father of his country will soon be erected there.
The Sloss furnace now building at Birmingham, Ala., will cost when completed \$180,000; will employ 250 men, and have a capacity of 80 tons per day.
A new town is springing up at the terminus of the Pensacola and Selma road, thirty-two miles from Pensacola Junction, in Conecuh county, Ala.
It is expected that that the canal around Muscle Shoals will be completed in two years, when the Tennessee will be navigable from Paducah to Knoxville, a distance of 500.
There is great excitement in the locality of the zinc mines, in Tazewell county, Tenn., over new "finds" supposed to be silver. It must be valuable, as they will not suffer so much as an ounce of the ore to be lost.
One year ago, near Charleston, Miss., a Mrs. Crosby gave birth to triplets. A few days ago Mrs. C. did nothing less than repeat the performance. The children are all alive and kicking, and it is presumed that Mr. C. is going through a similar exercise.
The contract for that portion of the Pensacola and Atlantic Railroad not heretofore let, consisting of about one hundred miles in the center of the line, has been awarded to A. J. Lane & Co., of Macon, Ga. The contractors will transfer about one thousand men to the Pensacola and Atlantic from the New Orleans and Pacific railroad, where they are just finishing a large contract.
Nashville News. Considerable surprise was caused yesterday by the sale of \$1,500,000 in Confederate bonds, part of the assets of the Bank of Tennessee, for \$5,000. The sale was effected by Robert Ewing, Clerk and Master, as Receiver for the bank, and the buyer was Raphael J. Moses, Jr., of New York. One million dollars more in Confederate bonds is in his possession.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

Sleet and snow storms are prevailing in Austria.
Mexico is in for \$87,000,000 in railroad subsidies.
Nast, the caricaturist, sunk \$50,000 in a Colorado mine.
A tree-planting holiday has been established in New Jersey.
PRESIDENT ARTHUR'S weight is 215. Fat old widower, ain't he?
EX-CABINET WHITTAKER is reported to have joined a minstrel troupe.
A TRAVELING paragraph says Nast gets \$200 a week from *Harper's Weekly*.
PARSELL'S admirers denominate him the "Uncrowned King of Ireland."
MORMONISM may be doomed and all that, but their converts are increasing 10,000 a year.
A LOCOMOTIVE now being built at Jersey City is expected to run ninety miles an hour.
The new lecture of Judge Tourgee, "Give Us a Rest," will meet with a hearty response.
Vernon is still contending for an open winter, notwithstanding all theories tend to the contrary.
The expectation that the world will momentarily wind up its affairs is losing its grip very perceptibly.
According to the Boston Herald, Dr. Bliss thinks that \$25,000 will impart a laudable character to his purse cavity.
MISS ADELAIDE FLETCHER purchased the Baltimore Protestant Episcopal Church, *Nova* at auction last week for \$1000.
CALIFORNIA is again coming to the front with the cry, "The Chinese must go." The subject had been almost forgotten.
PRESIDENT GRIVY did a most excellent thing. In honor of his daughter's marriage he gave the pair of Paris 20,000 francs.
Six spots are held responsible for meteorological wonders, as severe variations in the weather invariably occur during their presence.
In his book the Shah of Persia says he did not come to America "because of a disease there called the ague, which kills foreigners in three days."
TWENTY BROTHERS Mormon missionaries left a few days ago for England. England seems to be a good field for the Mormon idea to operate in.
AN EDITION of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is printed in London in such small type and in such condensed form that it is profitably sold at a penny a copy.
THE breweries in Kansas all suspended operations after the passage of the prohibitory amendment, but according to accounts they are all starting up again.
MR. CHAS. DARWIN, the great English naturalist, has inherited a large fortune from his late brother, Erasmus A. Darwin. It amounts to nearly a million dollars.
THE renomination of Thomas L. James as Postmaster General means that he shall remain in the Cabinet until he shall have concluded his Star Route prosecutions.
THE Mayor of Pittsburgh vetoes every ordinance passed granting permission for the erection of telegraph poles. He holds that they are a nuisance to property owners.
ROBERT BLOOMER, who has just died in Wabash, Ind., had for nine years lived chiefly on dog meat, which he declared to be wholesome and palatable. His family retained the same food, and proposes to continue its use. This may be a slanderous statement, but it seems to have emanated from good authority and passes without contradiction.
SAGASTA'S administration in Spain is giving signs of almost republican radicalism. Civil marriages, trial by jury, and the legitimization of children born out of wedlock are among the provisions of varying merit by which the most conservative of European nationalities is now startled.
COTOLERA STUBBINS and party, the descendants of the collateral relatives of the illustrious officer who was the friend of Washington and the engineer of the siege of Yorktown, were warmly received and highly entertained at Cincinnati. They are the Nation's guests, and are enjoying a jaunt over the continent in a most agreeable manner.
REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER has resigned the editorship of the *Christian Union*, but states in his valedictory that the paper will continue to publish his

sermons, and he will in future occasionally contribute to its columns. His age—sixty-seven years—is telling on him, and his power of endurance is by no means what it was a few years back.
THERE has been entirely too much rain in the West and Northwest for the good of crops and much damage has been sustained. The lowlands adjacent to the Upper Mississippi were flooded for a week or more, the river having risen higher by eight inches than in June of 1880, and higher than it has been for the past thirty years.
A WRITER who claims to have thoroughly investigated the matter asserts that the publishing house of Harper & Brothers is a strictly family affair, and that in the establishment there are fathers, sons and grandsons. None of the family can be admitted to the firm unless they have become practical printers, and each one has his specialty in the office work. The Harpers are all blondes and all look alike.
RESPECTING Guiteau's autobiography the London News says: "Guiteau has an idea that the whole civilized world is waiting to hear the minutest details of his career. The whole civilized world, on the other hand, is waiting to hear that his wretched misadventure has been abolished, and that the earth no longer supports this quintessence of murderous selfishness and silliness."
NEW JERSEY OWNS the ideal juror of the age. He had not heard of or read of the case at issue; does not take any newspaper; does not know the name of the President of the United States; does not know anything about the sanctity of an oath, but knows that an oath is a good thing to use when the dogs get into the garden; does not know how old he is, and doesn't care.
ONE thousand dollars has been subscribed among the Free Thinkers of Toronto to aid in the publication in Toronto of the two prohibited works of Voltaire and Voltaire, "The Age of Reason" and "Pocket Theology." A well known bookseller is prepared to undertake the publication. He has ordered from New York and Chicago fifty copies of each of the works, and he will not be in the least put out if the books are seized.
THE Government is bound to pay for all witnesses in Guiteau's case who reside within a radius of a hundred miles of Washington, and the probabilities are that the trial will cost the Government a good deal of money, all of which looks like *Pro's* share to say that the public will feel reassured when the trial is safely over and they get off without paying Guiteau \$10,000 damages for something.
IT is stated that the reason of the Queen of Spain's intimacy with our American Princess, Mrs. Mackay, was that the fair Californienne had loaned the Queen some thousands of francs, for which that lady had given her note. Monsieur Mackay attempted to collect the sum loaned when the note became due, but her Majesty blandly informed him that she never paid such things; that she considered the debt canceled by the introductions and invitations she had given.
A NEW YORK gentleman is strongly of the opinion Guiteau is insane, and relates the following in a letter to Scoville, Guiteau's lawyer, as proof: "Last year, during the latter part of October and 1st of November, when Guiteau was boarding at the boarding-house where I now am, I became acquainted with him. One evening I lent him a silk umbrella to go to the Republican headquarters with, and he returned it, which not proves much in regard to his insanity."
QUITE AN amusing sensation occurred at the west end of Alexandria—a suburb of Washington—the other day, between a young lady named Talbert and a man named Richard Cowling. Miss Talbert had occasion to go to a well and while there was accosted by Cowling, who made some insulting proposal to her, to which she made no answer, but upon reaching home she wrote a note to Cowling to call and see her. The note was received, and Cowling proceeded to don his Sunday clothes and fix himself in good style, shortly presented himself at the house, and was admitted by the lady, who was armed with a large rock, with which she knocked Cowling down. Then seizing a chair she pummeled him severely. At last he managed to get upon his feet, when he left the locality in a hurry. The affair stirred up the village to a high state of excitement. The verdict was, "it served him right."
A Georgia School Teacher. A colored "school marm" in this county has a number of men with families attending school—one forty years old. Among the number is the man with whom she is boarding, and one of the first to receive the rod of correction was her landlord. He says she is right, and if, while he attends her school, he discovers her commands or fails to comply with her regulations, that she ought to whip him, and his duty is to submit to the chastisement without complaint. —*Marion Co. (Ga.) Argus*.
A KANSAS reformer asks the Legislature to prescribe by law the quantity and quality of food which a person may eat in the State. He believes that most of the ill of mankind arise from overfeeding.

A CONSUMMATE IDOL.

The string that tied the door fastened loose. The door came swinging open. That misadventure cooked his goose. The cap of joy was gone. As he walked down the stairs, he saw the shadow of the dog that had just been killed. He never smiled again.
Bright eyes were peering on the street. Soft voices laughed in the air. And merry shouts from happy hearts. He called out to the crowd that was passing. He reached the lower, he strove to climb. With sudden, angry strain. He halted a moment, and then he was gone. He never smiled again.
Where erst, like rolls in the spring. He heard his father's voice ring. With merry a laugh and a song. One by the laughing face bestrides. But he never saw his father's face. The laughing face of his speed decided. He never smiled again.

THE WEDDING MARCH.

"No. 329—A Wedding March." Such was the number and name of a picture in the hands of a certain young man, who, for political and personal reasons, he felt undesignated. The picture was one of my painting and I, Reginald Tracy, had been fortunate enough to attain three very important ends by its production. Firstly, it was deemed excellent enough by the Hanging Committee to be placed on the line, and it forced you in a very prominent manner as you entered Room A. Secondly, this prominent position secured for my picture a large share of attention which resulted in its finding a purchaser almost as soon as the Exhibition doors opened. But thirdly, it served the actual purpose for which I painted it, and which led me to choose my subject. That purpose involved just the least bit of romance; and although the clever critics praised the picture, and even hinted that "Mr. Tracy had been singularly fortunate in his treatment of a somewhat unusual and difficult theme," etc., not one of them so much as guessed that it was a picture with a purpose. As the sequel may serve to show, that purpose sprang from and ended in what I am pleased to call my little romance.
It was a charming day, that on which I went to Rockhampton to sketch the enterprising and to see my old friend, Dr. James Brooke—Jim. I generally called him—who had settled as a practitioner in that town. The whole place was steeped in sunlight; and the deep shadows cast by the old houses in the narrow streets by the water-side reminded one of nothing so much as the blackness of the shadows in some old Dutch town, where Rembrandt and his school had their special art that bears the impress of his genius to-day. The old church of Rockhampton is a fine bit of Norman architecture. Rising architects declare that there are no purer pillars of that style, or better preserved arches, with their queer faces squeezed into the corners of the roof, and which seem to impress the Englishman, just as the Sunday quite as much as the service. Passing through the churchyard, I found myself at last at the church. With little hope of finding the door open I lifted the latch, when at once it yielded to my touch. As I passed within the green baize doors within the porch, I heard the sound of the organ; so stealing quietly into the grateful shade and coolness of the interior, I unconsciously in the largest part I could find and listened. How soothing was the effect of the music and surroundings on that glorious day! I could not see the player, who was concealed by the curtains in front of the organ-loft, but intuitively I guessed it was a lady who played. I imagined that only a woman's delicate touch could have made that "Kyrie" speak in those tones; and there were more gentleness than power in the "Stabat Mater" into which the player glided. Then I remember the "Wedding March" succeeded; and after half an hour's private hearing of the masters, I quietly slipped out of church, once again in the glow of sunlight that played around the graves-tombs, and made the world so fair to me.
After a moment at my hotel, the Red Lion, I went to see Dr. Jim. It appeared that the fair player of the church was a Miss Spalding, and the only daughter of a well-to-do and retired merchant who had settled at Rockhampton some eighteen months before; and Jim, I found, had been paying his addresses to the young lady. Her father had married for the second time and had thus given Miss Spalding a step-mother. The old gentleman, as Jim called him, was an easy-going man, kind-hearted in every way, generous to fault, and looked kindly enough on Dr. Jim's suit. But as to Miss Spalding, Jim pronounced a decidedly unfavorable opinion. She was an ambitious, and he expressed it, scheming woman, who thought that Nelly should look somewhat higher than Dr. Brooke of Rockhampton; and that she should at least marry money—with which latter commodity Jim was, as a young doctor of course, by no means overburdened. Without actually discouraging Jim's attentions, Mrs. Spalding made things decidedly unpleasant for the lovers. Mr. Spalding, good, easy man, was completely under the dominion of his wife. Hence, Jim confessed, he was in a somewhat unsettled state of mind.
"You see, Reg," said Jim, "Nelly will not disobey her parents in any way. That she cares for me she has confessed to me more than once. But when I press her to consent to be married at once, and to make me happy, she won't hear of it."
"My dear Jim," I responded, in my new-found capacity of guide, counsellor and friend, "Is it not the first girl who has had to struggle between love and duty; or at least what she conceives to be her duty?"
"She is so thoroughly conscientious," replied Jim, "that I fear even to press her to take the step which would make me a happy man for life. When I ask her in my despair whether she will ever choose between her step-mother's wishes and my love, she implores me not to tempt her; and so," added Jim, "here I am; miserable as need be."

All this interested me exceedingly. She was evidently a girl of sterling worth and with a high sense of the duty she believed she owed to her parents' wishes. I thought over Master Jim's love affair as I lay in bed that night, and came to the conclusion that the case was a difficult one. You can not always mould human minds to your own bent and purpose by simply speaking. Hence I came to the conclusion that Miss Spalding's love for my old friend ought to be tested and tried in some way. As my experience of human nature goes, there seems nothing like putting love, of all human emotions, to some rigid test. But how the test could be applied to the case in which I had thus been led to feel a special interest I knew not.
I confessed as I rolled over to sleep that I did not see my way clear to help them. Little did I think that the morrow was to bring the means and the man. The man was Josiah Blagden, Esquire, iron founder, of the firm of Blagden & Co., of Birmingham and elsewhere; the means was—my humble self.
The day after my arrival at Rockhampton Jim proposed that I should drive with him on his morning round, and added he: "We'll call at Mount Grove on our way home." Mount Grove was the residence of Mr. Spalding; and two o'clock found us at the gate of a very nice villa residence, overlooking the river, and standing within its own nicely kept grounds.
We were ushered into the drawing-room, where we found assembled certain persons whom Jim had not expected to see. Mr. Spalding received me courteously, as also did Mrs. Spalding. Miss Nelly greeted me most cordially, adding that she was much pleased to make the acquaintance of Dr. Brooke's old friend of whom he so often spoke. In addition to the family circle of three, it was clear there were strangers present. These latter were Mr. Josiah Blagden and his sister, Mr. Blagden had been introduced favorably. He was a stout, florid-complexioned man, remarkable for the extreme breadth of his white waistcoat and for the profusion of jewelry displayed thereon.
"A safe man, my dear sir; a very safe man," said Mr. Spalding to me at lunch. "Why, I suppose his turn-over is about half a million a year—the iron trade, you know," added the old gentleman by way of explaining that Mr. Blagden was one of the metal kings of England.
"Self-made man too," said Mr. Spalding, "began life as a foundry-boy."
From what I saw of Mr. Blagden within the next few weeks, his origin could have been pretty accurately guessed from the manner in which he impudently thrust his "foundry-boy" manners into the sphere in which his industry and success had placed him. He was essentially a vulgar man, who belied his sister, a weak, silent little woman, with a good heart and a kindly nature, as I discovered later on.
As we drove home from lunch that day Jim was strangely depressed. I guessed his thoughts pretty accurately, for he burst out into a tirade against Mrs. Spalding on our arrival at home.
"I shouldn't wonder, Reg," said he, "if that fellow Blagden has been invited down here as a suitor for Nelly. He's a friend of Mrs. Spalding's, I know, because she herself comes from the 'Black Country.'"
Jim's state of mind, from the moment he broached this theory, may be better imagined than described. For the next three weeks I am bound to say that his temper was well nigh unmanageable. One evening at dinner at Mount Grove, I felt half afraid he was going to inflict personal chastisement upon Mr. Blagden; a feat I should have much rejoiced to have seen skillfully performed, after the manner of the medical profession, which had been called forth during some argument concerning doctors' fees. Nelly's attitude toward Jim appeared to have undergone no perceptible change. She was loving and gentle as before; but I fancied that Mrs. Spalding contrived dexterously to keep Miss Blagden and Nelly as frequently together as possible; and thus to maintain a matrimonial alliance for Nelly with the elderly iron-founder. I know that most of my readers will say that Miss Spalding should have settled the matter for herself, and have given Mr. Blagden to understand that his attentions were unwelcome and hopeless, as I remarked before, and he was not all cast in one mold; and the most loving nature's may sometimes be coerced by what seems to be their duty, into self-sacrifice of the most unreasonable kind, and which can only entail misery in the end.
So things went on at Rockhampton, with diplomacy at Mount Grove, and despair at No. 14 High street, where Dr. James Brooke announced his willingness to release the afflicted lady from ten to eleven a. m., and from six to eight p. m. I have been sitting cogitating over matters one evening at the Red Lion—Jim having been called to a distant part of his parish—when an idea, founded, I believe, on a quotation from an old French author, occurred to me. The quotation was to the effect that, "when moral suasion fails from any cause to change an opinion, it is lawful to appeal to the most trivial of our emotions." Happy idea! thought I. I shall see whether or not I can work it out to the advantage of Dr. James Brooke and—shall I add it?—to the confusion of Josiah Blagden, Esquire.
My plans were then rapidly matured. Morning, noon and night finds me busy in the old church. I am hard at work on a canvas in which the interior of the edifice grows under my brush day by day. There are no sounds of the "Kyrie" now; nor are the jubilant strains of Mendelssohn heard, as on a bright sunny day not so far gone by. Nelly does not come to practice her old favorites as of yore. Blagden, I know, hates music; and painters, as he once expressed it in shocking bad taste—*me*.

usually "a seedy lot." I remember Mr. Josiah's white vest and cable chain, with enough appendages attached thereto to have set up a small jeweler in a thriving way of business. The aisle and gallery of the church are now complete in my picture. I paint it as I sit in the aisle; in the distance you can see the altar and chancel; and the vicar, who looks in upon me occasionally, says it is as like as can be. He is curious, however, to know the nature of the figures I have sketched roughly in. There is a group passing down the aisle from the altar-rails where the vicar can still be seen at his post; and there is a figure standing alone and solitary in a pew, as if facing the advancing party. The vicar cannot quite fathom the design. The church he can understand; but the meaning of the picture puzzles him. I bid him wait patiently for the solution of the ruyter.
When my study of the church was completed, I went home to the Red Lion, and there I painted in my flowers. There was little need for models, for my sketch-book was full of studies. Turning to my picture, now progressing rapidly, I find that there are heads of two, chiefly men, and there is a careful sketch of a young man's face likewise. There is a fair girl's face and a maturely countenance, and another face which seems not unlike that of Miss Blagden.
At last, my task is completed. The picture is a mere "study," but it is a study of a glance; the figures—well, we shall see.
The vicar has been busily spreading a report that I have been painting pictures of the church, and there is curiosity to see them. I now propose that one fine day a very few of my Rockhampton friends shall come to see my work. The circle is very select. I have invited only Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, the great Josiah, Miss Blagden and Jim. I contrive, with a diplomatic cunning for which I have not before given myself credit, that Mrs. Spalding shall be admitted to a private view. She herself has been all anxiety to see the picture, and I pretend that by great favor she shall see it before any one else. Miss host of Red Lion has prepared a nice little luncheon, even to some dry Pommery, which "the great Josiah"—as I have been accustomed to call him, possibly from the simplicity of his tastes—says he does upon. I make a delicious and unkind but perfectly just mental suggestion that in early life "the great Josiah" was better acquainted with the merit of "old-and-half" than dry champagne. Miss host has done his best; and now I wait my guests. I feel nervous and excited; why, I can hardly tell; but I confess to myself that I shall be glad when my little symposium is over.
Here at last, they troop up stairs into the large room where my luncheon is spread. Mr. Josiah is looking very large today. There is an air of jubilation about him as he is ushered about Nelly, assisting her in taking off her wraps and saying "nothing" when she says anything but "good" as the great man expresses them. To me, his air is simply patronizing. Mrs. Spalding is gracious as usual; and Mr. Spalding seems to regard the near prospect of lunch with more evident satisfaction than he does the prospect of an artistic treat. Mr. Blagden suggests we had better step in to see the picture—lunch has evidently its attraction for "the great Josiah." But I tell him I wait Dr. Brooke, at which announcement he subsides. Then I suggested to Miss Nelly that, with her mother's permission, she may now have the picture all to herself for a momentary peep. Mrs. Spalding, who is deep with Miss Blagden in the mysteries of the manufacture of rhubarb-jam, readily consents.
Nelly follows me into the room where my picture stands covered with a crimson cloth on my easel. I close the door and unveil it. Nelly glances at it for a moment, then pressing really pale and half fainting—not into my arms, but into those of Dr. James Brooke, who has most opportunely come upon the scene. In speechless astonishment he gazes at me, but he has no time to say more than to repeat Nelly's procedure as he glances at the picture. "For heaven's sake, Reg," says Jim in a hoarse voice, "cover that picture up!"
Nelly opened her eyes in a moment or two, which seemed to me like an age. Jim had employed the interval in a fashion not unfamiliar to lovers, I believe. And when she did open her eyes, it was to clasp Jim around the neck, and her words were few but decided: "Jim, dear! I can never, never marry that man! I will die where ever you wish me to!"
What is it in my picture that has so perturbed the lovers, and brought Nelly Spalding to her senses? Simply the interior of the old church once again. A ray of sunlight streaming through a chink in the stained window falls on the sick, pale, tearful face of a newly-made bride. The bride's face is Nelly's own; and the pompous bridegroom is Josiah Blagden, the artistic treatment of whose white waistcoat and chain has cost me no end of pains. Behind bride and bridegroom comes the figure of Mr. and Mrs. Spalding; and in the dim distance the vicar is seen still standing within the altar-rails. But the central figure after the bride herself is the young man, pale, motionless as a statue, who stands behind her. The face of the man in the picture is that of James Brooke. The picture tells its own story to Nelly Spalding. It places the possibility of the future before her eyes as she has never dared to picture it to herself. It reflects in all its naked truth the fate to which through her indecision she may commit herself and Jim. And it tells its story so well that art conquers diplomacy in decision, and aids love in its triumph over the great Josiah himself.
Footsteps on the stairs. I cover the picture again. Nelly stands beside Dr. Brooke; her cheek is pale, and there are tears like dewdrops glistening in her eyes. The iron master looms in the doorway. He takes in the matter at a glance and frowns darkly at Jim and me.

As soon as Mr. and Mrs. Spalding, who closely follow Josiah, have entered the room, Nelly to my surprise walks quickly up to her father and takes his hand. "Father," said she, with a tremulous yet decisive tone, "you know the message you brought me from Mr. Blagden this morning? Give him my answer now. Tell him I am going to marry Dr. Brooke."
Now, it is my opinion that, had the discarded Josiah at this moment held his tongue, he might have got both Mr. and Mrs. Spalding to speak a word for him with Nelly. But as it was he destroyed his own case at a blow.
"Message from me?—and this is my answer!" he said in an angry voice. "Why, I care nowt—nowt," he repeated bitterly, "about the matter. I guess it was the lass's father and mother that wanted to marry Josiah Blagden's money—perhaps they wanted some of it for themselves!"
The rudeness and vulgarity which marked the man came out unmistakably as he said these words; and taking his sister's arm in his and casting a look of vindictive scorn at the doctor and myself, he walked out at the door with an ungainly strut which was meant for dignity; and we saw the great Josiah no more.
Mrs. Spalding was especially cut up by the parting of Josiah, as it was she who had maneuvered the matter thus far. Mr. Spalding, on the other hand, burst into a jovial laugh, and taking his daughter's hand, placed it in that of Dr. Brooke.
After all had left the studio but Mr. Spalding, the latter asked me to tell him in plain terms how I had brought this about—for he had no doubt, I was at the bottom of it. I uncovered the picture, which Mr. Spalding—simple, easy-mannered gentleman that he was—scrutinized with his double eye-glasses, remarking to me that he did not quite understand it at all, but that it was wonderfully clever, and that Josiah's "weskit was as like as life."
In six weeks thereafter I officiated as "best man" at Jim's marriage. As the organist pedaled forth the jubilant strains of Mendelssohn, after the vicar's benediction had been given, and Nelly, radiant and beautiful, passed down the aisle on her husband's arm, I could not help rejoicing in the success of what is now "No. 329—A Wedding March," though the fiasco in the picture as exhibited is slightly discussed, and Mr. Josiah's vest has been shorn of certain of its distinctive peculiarities.
That is the romance which, as I told you at the outset, hangs round the picture which in the Academy catalogue was numbered "329—A Wedding March." —*Chambers' Journal*.

The Scared Professor.
There is no use of disguising the fact that the boys who attend our colleges are pretty tough cases on general principles. Not that they would commit crimes, or do things that are particularly dishonorable, but they are as full of the old Nick as they can hold. You take the best boy you can find in the public schools, one who has had a religious training, and seems to have a pure turn of mind, and who is so good that all the other boys think he is booked for heaven, and send him off to college, and you want to watch him. The chances are that he will come back with a knowledge of how poker that will paralyze an old gambler, and he will be sure to be a leader in all the devilry that is going on. An illustration of this was furnished a short time ago in one of our state colleges devoted to turning out pious young men. The class in eloquence was furnished with a professor from a distant city, who was very thorough in his methods, but he did not amount to anything at handling boys. He seemed to look at them in the class room appealingly, as much as to beg them not to play any monkey work on him. The boys saw he was afraid of them, and they had for him. They got into a discussion over the proper way to render a passage from the poem, "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," when one of the students called the other a liar. The professor held up his hands in horror, and begged them to be seated, when the young man who had been called a liar drew a revolver and shot at the other student, who fell to the floor an all-gone corpse. The professor was wild, and at this point the lights went out and every student drew a revolver and began firing furiously at the professor. Some were armed with putty balls and eggs, and at each discharge something would strike the professor, and he thought he was full of holes. A window was raised, and by the light made by the exploding cartridges a pair of coat tails and legs could be seen going out, and the professor landed first on one leg, then on the other, and finally he landed on the floor, bruised and bleeding, and as scared as it was possible for a man to be, was running for dear life. The next morning he took the train for home, with a black eye, and clothes that looked as though something had been scraped off of them, and the faculty of the college will not know what has become of their professor of eloquence till they read this. The boys go about their studies as though nothing had happened, but they are trying to think up some new devilry. Boys will be boys, and there is no way you can prevent it, unless you break their backs. —*Pitts Sun*.

The amount of money which the Peruvian Government has received from the sale of guano is estimated at \$2,400,000,000 of dollars. All it has to show for this large sum are four or five railroads, which have cost \$150,000,000. On the night the contract for the Oroya railroad was signed Meiggs, the contractor, is said to have presented the wife of the President of the republic with a handsome bouquet, concealed in which were bills to the amount of \$500,000.

GRANITE begins to yield at a temperature between 700 and 800, sandstone shows greater power of endurance, massive limestones still greater, and marble the greatest. Conglomerates are among the weakest stones.

NOXIOUS that is not a real crime makes a man appear so contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as the constancy.